

and degrading adulation, heaped upon a mere bank president, an agent of money changers? And when Mr. Biddle the other day designed to visit his good city of New York, was it not revolting to see his parasites and pensioners precipitating themselves upon his passage, thronging his person as if to touch the hem of his garment; watching eagerly to catch an encouraging smile, or anxiously soliciting a glance of recognition. *Nunc dimittis*, I dare say, was chanted by more than one ardent worshipper on that eventful occasion; and when the great man opened his oracular mouth, methought I could hear an enraptured audience exclaim, "Tis the voice of a god! tis the voice of a god!" or at least, "Peace, hot Cæsar speaks!" Like the Roman Emperor, Mr. Biddle has had his apotheosis in advance. I think I see him, with proud humility, making his progress through Wall street, almost borne up by the pressure of the admiring throng; affable and yet arrogant; bending to one with a graceful sweep, and bowing to another with a protecting nod; yet, like Malvolio, "quenching his familiar smile, with an austere regard of control." Oh for the pen of a Churchill, the pencil of a Hogarth! This, again, Mr. Biddle, is what I would call a vulgar despotism, a servile route. "I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

When, too, a few years since, the bank, plunging to a pitch of fury by the withdrawal of the public funds, determined to extort from the fears of the Government and the agonies of the country, their restoration, and its recharter, wantonly crushed its miserable dependants, by recalling, suddenly and capriciously, those facilities which had been to them as the breath of life, without which they could not exist, was not the self-unmolested enthusiasm with which the poor dupes and victims threw themselves before the crushing wheels of the great financial juggernaut, eager to snatch the palm of martyrdom, and to seal their faith with their blood, worthy of a better, or at least a nobler cause? I can partake in imagination of the rapture which kindles the eye of the Christian at the stake, when his sense of mortal suffering is lost and swallowed up in the high and holy consciousness, the sublime conviction, of the unspeakable glory that awaits him. I can read with admiration of the noble devotion of Curtius, when he leaped into the fearful chasm, the which oracle had declared could not be disclosed except by such a sacrifice. I kindle with the patriotic fervor that glowed in the bosom of the illustrious Swiss shepherd,

"Who gathered, with a wide embrace, into his gentle heart, a sheaf of fatal Austrian spears."

Yes, sir, it is glorious to suffer for religion or for liberty. "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." But to bleed for money's sake! to endure martyrdom in the cause of the bank! to die for Mr. Biddle! this passes me! I had rather, if any thing, go to the death with Major Hamilton for his sugar!

Mr. Editor, I foresee that the grand question—whether for some years to come will absorb all others in this country—is the contest between the people and this formidable money power. Like Aaron's serpent, it will for a time swallow up all the rest. It has been already, for some time past, at the bottom of all our political agitation. Let the people be assured of this: that there is no peace, no safety, no honor, no lasting prosperity for them, until the money-changers are driven from the political temple. If they are true to themselves, I have no fears for the issue; but let them persuade themselves that they have no common enemy to cope with.

"Guerre a mort!" (war to the knife.) must be their watchword and their battle cry. Their adversary is strong, sleepless, insidious, unrelenting, unyielding, and wild; besides, the most powerful sinew of war. He is at this moment elated beyond measure with hope, at the difficulties and dismay which agitate and alarm the country. He derives his consolation and courage from the fact that the hero under whom the people first mastered to this war, and who led them on conquering and to conquer, is no longer in the field. Andrew Jackson, the last President of the revolutionary age and school, whose sagacity of soul, singleness of aim, and sternness of resolve, earned for him justly the proud title of Roman; who is, indeed, a man of the "high Roman fashion," has retired to his peaceful Hermitage, amid the blessings of his friends, and the curses, loud as well as deep, of his enemies. Let us profit by his precepts and example, if we no longer have his lead and his presence. Let his retirement be a signal for renewed energy, as it certainly is a cause of increased apprehension. Let his name, like Ziska's drum, arouse all our ardor, and call forth all our courage. It cannot be that this young Republic, the hope and admiration of the world, which has already achieved such great and glorious things, is destined thus soon to assume a yoke so vile and humiliating. It cannot be that the sun which has risen with such dazzling splendor upon an admiring universe, is thus early doomed to undergo so dark and dismal an eclipse. No, sir: I have greater faith in Heaven, in man, in freedom. I will not thus criminally despair of the Republic. I see in the vista of coming years a brighter prospect, a more exulting vision. The young giant shall not be strangled in his infancy by the poisonous embraces of the atheistic reptile. No!

"He shall flourish, And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches To all the plains about him. Our children's children Shall see this, and bless Heaven." A YEOMAN.

From the Mobile Commercial Register.

In the midst of the distress of the times, the universal bankruptcy of commercial men and corporations, and the general suffering of all classes, Whig partyism has had several sources of consolation and exultation. Gen Jackson was first protested, and then totally ruined, in their newspapers; that was one great comfort, and long did they chaunt triumph if not thanksgivings for such an unexpected gratification. To be sure, it turns out that the report is unfounded, and that the ex-president is solvent and unhurt,—safe in a solid competency nursed by contented prudence, while the sudden fortunes of overgrown speculations have crumbled to pieces around him. But the story served its purpose for a while; it had its day, and happy did it make the Whigs—for that day. The next source of congratulation, and it has not yet been exhausted, is the discovery, that the Government is bankrupt. The vaults of a hundred banks are closed—never mind, seem to say these patriots, the Government has stopped too, five hundred mercantile firms are prostrate—ay, but the Treasury is insolvent; thousands of prudent men—and thousands more of honest laborers, have lost the fruits of their toils, and are without prospect of improvement in their disordered affairs, but the country cannot pay its debt the deposit banks are broke, the revenues are lost! And thus ever, when we recount the extent of the wreck of credit that surrounds us, we are assured, as with a taunt and a triumph, the nation is bankrupt too! One would naturally think this a peculiar subject of grief to patriotic citizens, above any individual loss; that every man of every party would feel a common interest in the credit of the nation, the preservation of public faith, and the redemption of national contracts. —Fierce indeed must be the party animosity that chuckles over the loss of the public revenues, and the dishonoring of the public credit—because thereby ingenious malice may create the means of political profit to a party. Yet there can be no other explanation than such a sordid and selfish one,—given to the manifest eagerness with which most of the presses devoted to Whig interests, hunt up, report, amplify and exult in, every fact real or alleged which goes to prove that the bank suspensions have embarrassed, delayed, or frustrated the performance of the just contracts of the nation. It is also well worthy of remark, as another sign of this temper, that the worst efforts of whig enmity are directed against the measures, by which the administration seeks to save itself from the reproach of insolvency which these whigs are most ready to cast upon it, and acquire the means of paying its creditors in the hard money—the want of which, is so peculiarly the theme of whig denunciation. The government, reviled for not being able to get specie from the deposit banks, where they placed funds, equivalent to specie—and they are reviled more, if they refuse to receive the notes of these same deposit banks for accruing revenue. They are insulted for not having specie to pay; and they are threatened with bloody revolution if they ask for specie to pay with—the specie which now that there are no specie paying banks, is the currency which the laws rigorously require them on their oaths to demand. The mode of bringing about the bank suspensions, illustrates this inconsistent and selfish spirit. The banks were solemnly advised by public meetings to suspend specie payments; and they did so without the consent and against the wish of the principal depositor, the United States Government. Those who counseled them so strenuously to take this extraordinary step, with the full knowledge that all the public money on deposit would be converted into irredeemable bank paper—pledged themselves at the same time to support the suspending banks by receiving their notes at par as of solvent institutions. Yet loud is the clamor of these very men, because the Treasury cannot get the funds which they advised and urged the banks to withhold; and if it offers them the notes which they promised and pledged themselves to take. And louder still is the clamor, if the Treasury takes the steps inexorably required by law, to obtain specie funds, for the public service; and if, in execution of sworn duty the public officers seek by the lawful way to provide the funds which they were instrumental in causing to be withheld, which they think it a heinous offence to want, and they proclaim it high-handed tyranny and gross oppression to get. They thus labour to embarrass every action of the Government in relation to its finances, and find subjects for exultation or triumph in every sign of financial derangement.

From the Ohio Statesman.

THE JUDGEMENT OF AN HONEST PEOPLE.

We call the attention of the reader to the proceedings of a meeting held in Mad River township, Champlain county. It is in this county the Urbana Bank is located, which has assumed to itself the extraordinary measure of issuing "skin plaster," and the President of which has, for the last two years, held a seat in the Senate of this State, and in the immediate neighborhood of which resides Governor Vance.

It is evident, however, from these proceedings, that the people are not going to

asked. We sell the best bank notes—the notes of the Bank of the Metropolis—at a discount of from eight to ten per cent. for specie. By doing so, we stick to our text—practice what we preach—procure the best workmen in the country—give them good money—and they compensate us for the loss in exchange by doing good work.

Right and interest go together oftener than most men think they do.—Globe.

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FEDERAL FALSEHOODS.

The federal papers seems to vie with each other in manufacturing falsehoods to impose upon the people. "Col. R. M. Johnson has avowed himself an advocate of the establishment of a new National Bank,"—cries a whig editor; and thus put in motion it goes the round of all the presses in the keeping of the Bank.

The Ed. of the Kentucky Gazette wrote to Col. Johnson, and the following is his reply.

"White Sulphur Fountain, Scott Co. Ky. 2d July, 1837.

"My dear Sir,

"I have this moment received the within from you. If you and my other friends will judge me by my works you may know, that the paragraph is without a shadow of foundation.

"I have not the time, nor the disposition, to enter into a formal answer to suggestions in the papers of my opinions. I have sustained, and I intend to sustain the administration of the General Government, in the course which it has pursued.

"I presume this is sufficient to authorize you, my old friend, to contradict it by authority from me, if you consider it important to do so in your own way, or by publishing this hasty note.

"Respectfully yours,

"R. M. JOHNSON.

"DANIEL BRADFORD, Esq.

From the Ohio Statesman.

LADIES' CELEBRATION.

The ladies of New Lexington, Perry county Ohio, have done themselves immortal honor, for the spirited manner in which they celebrated the glorious fourth. To the Register's "three times three," we add nine times nine cheers to the patriotic and Democratic ladies of New Lexington, and of the toasts we extract the following.

"6th, (regular.) The President of the United States. Honor to whom honor is due.

By Mrs. Fagley.—Andrew Jackson, late President of the United States. He has continued his course, kept his faith—he has completed his three score years and ten—rest now from labor, full of years and full of honor.

From the Cleveland Advertiser.

Our neighbor over the river is so panicked, that he doubts the evidence of his own senses. Notwithstanding he is within ear shot of the almost perpetual whizzing of steam from the boats, and the shouting of seamen as they take in and discharge their cargoes of the lake craft, and in sight of their ever moving panorama of Lake navigation, he still sticks to Solitude's text about the "desert wastes;" in his opinion the enterprising whig ship-owners are crowding on their new vessels merely for the purpose of making "much ado about nothing;"—running empty up and down the Lake just for the fun of the thing, and running themselves to spite Mr. Ewing, and disgrace him as a prophet, when they ought to shut up shop, tie up their boats, and sow grass seed in the streets, that he might receive the honor due a prophet in his own country.

Our neighbor says, "thousands at the east are 'pulling up stakes,' and removing to the west, because they have nothing to do, and not a few of them stop at Toledo and Detroit; but what has this to do with the commerce of Lake Erie?" Precisely as much, neighbor, as it ever had to do with it—if hard times induce emigration, how happens it in good times? But how do the other Lake craft, not carrying passengers, contrive, not only to keep busy, but increase and multiply exceedingly? answer us that. Last our friend should be puzzled to answer, we subjoin the following item about other matters than passengers from the Toledo Blade of the 4th inst.

THE LOCOMOTIVE.—The locomotive engine is now in full operation on the railroad from Toledo to Adrian. Its celerity has not been fully tested, but it is ascertained that it can move at a rate exceeding 20 miles an hour. It now consumes about two hours and a half in performing the distance, which is abundantly fast with a train of passenger and burden cars attached. At present it makes a trip and a half in 24 hours, departing twice from Toledo on one day, and once the next. Despatch being so important in the transportation of merchandise, it is to be regretted that the present number of burden cars is still inadequate to do the amount of business with the requisite expedition. An additional supply, however, is in preparation, and will probably be on hand in the course of a fortnight, if no unexpected delay takes place in the receipt of the wheels which have been ordered from a distance.

THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.—The following paragraph, after all the mad pranks of this Irish nobleman, cannot but excite pity:

The Marquis of Waterford has lost a leg and an eye by the explosion of a can-

non. His Lordship was superintending the launching of his splendid yacht, on which occasion he recklessly applied his cigar to the priming. The recoil of the piece broke his leg in so shocking a manner that amputation was immediately performed.

WESTERN COURIER.

RAVENNA, JULY 20, 1837.

WHIG CONVENTION.

Much is said of the Whig State Convention held at Columbus on the 4th inst. The Editor of the Ohio Star, who was present, says it was one of the best conventions he ever attended. Don't doubt it—might be so, and, "no great scratch after all." But the doings of this "best Convention." They appointed a President—a host of little Presidents—a number of Secretaries, as is common on such occasions. A committee of fourteen was appointed to "report such measures as may be proper for the action of this Convention in reference to the public affairs of this State," at the head of which stood Lawyer Hammond, of Cincinnati. A Committee of thirteen was appointed to report resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting in reference to our national affairs, at the head of which stood Lawyer Gazley of Cincinnati, and way down most to the bottom stood Mr. Dewey of Ravenna. This last committee was one of great importance. It had in charge the whole of the public affairs of the nation. This committee of 13 used up the Government in the real meat axe style. It talked all about credit and the currency.—Kicked the old "Gineral" into oblivion—and said all kinds of hard things about Van Buren, usurpation and executive abuse. But the worst thing they said about the Democrats was that, "already they, (the Democrats) have disposed of the Presidency to one of themselves." Oh! Horrible—that the Democrats should take their own and not ask the Whigs to share it with them, or even say "by your leave." And it seems that these "Silk Stocking" gentry are taking pattern after the "odiferous Democrats," by recommending a national Convention at Pittsburgh. Yes, after they have said so much against National Conventions, the Simon Pures recommend one themselves.

As to the number present at the Convention we cannot say—there are so many contradictory reports about it, that it is difficult to determine. Some say, 1000, some 3000, and the Editor of the Ohio Statesman, says: "There were but 675 passed the gate through which the procession entered after forming at the Theatre, including boys, a few females, and 15 or 20 colored people. We counted the whole of them, knowing that the whigs would tell all sorts of falsehoods about it." But no matter how many there were. We don't think that Van Buren will be "particularly exultant" this time.

MR. WHITTLESEY'S LETTER.

In the last Star, is published a letter from Mr. E. Whittlesey of Trumbull Co., relative to the bill passed at the last session of Congress, "designating and limiting the funds receivable for the revenues of the United States," together with a copy of the bill. What does this all amount to? what does it prove? Although such a bill may have passed Congress, it never became a law. We do not see the object of this communication of the Hon. Gentleman—we had never heard, before, that any one denied that such a bill did pass, and we do not know what bearing the fact, whether it did pass or not can have upon any question now before the people, so long as it never constitutionally became a law. Would the Hon. Gentleman attempt to convince the people of Portage County (for whose welfare he seems to feel much concerned) that such a law now exists? We cannot think for what else his communication is made. If that is his object, we will merely give an extract from the 7th section of the Constitution, that text book to which we love to refer—the political bible upon which we have fixed our faith and which is always in the way of those who attempt to blind and mislead the people.

"Every bill which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate, shall, before it becomes a law, be presented to the President of the U. States: if he approve, he shall sign it; but if not, he shall return it, with his objections, &c.

"If any bill shall not be returned by the President within ten days (Sundays

excepted) after it shall have been presented to him, the same shall be a law, in like manner as if he had signed it, unless Congress, by their adjournment, prevent its return, in which case it shall not be a law.

It appears by the journal quoted by Mr. W. the bill passed the House on the first of March, and Congress adjourned the third which give only one full day for the consideration of so important a bill.

It appears that the Hon. Member of the sixteenth has great sympathy for "the people of your (Portage) County," but we would inform him that we have a Congressman in the fifteenth district, and we supposed we had one in the last Congress, although it may have been, that, at the passage of the bill in question he was in the same condition that he was, when the bill relating to the Michigan boundary question passed.

To the following extract from the report of a committee of the Whig Convention at Columbus on the 4th, we believe every Democrat will say, amen. The Democratic party have always opposed "personal Legislation," in every shape, and any one will, by looking at the list of local acts passed at every session of the Legislature, at once see who have been benefited by this system of Legislation, and who have asked for it. We are bold to say that at least Eight tenths of the persons who have been benefited by this system of legislation, and who have asked for it are Whigs. Take the instances in our own County. Who compose the Franklin Silk Company? Most of them are Whigs. Who compose the "Portage Canal and Manufacturing Company?" Most of them are Whigs. Who petitioned for a Bank at Ravenna, last winter? Were not the most of them Whigs? Certainly. Why then do these Whig conservatives of the public weal say so much against "personal Legislation" when it is for their own benefit and at their own request? We can answer their query.—Because they find that this system of partial personal legislation is becoming so odious with the people that they find it necessary to shuffle it off upon others. But to the Report:

"That great evils have crept into the proceedings of the General Assembly, evils of most corrupting and pernicious tendency, and producing results most exceedingly injurious to the community at large. The principal of these evils is found in the immense mass of personal legislation, in which that body have engaged; and of this personal legislation on the creation of private corporations, for the furtherance of individual projects, is the most deleterious. Whether of private or color of public use or convenience may be alleged, as a reason for creating mere private corporation, the main spring of a majority of application of profit to the operating agent to his employers. Within a few years this class of legislation has swollen to a most unseemly magnitude, in comparison with that connected with general purposes. The volume of general laws is a mere pamphlet, the local laws make a huge volume; projects of railroads and turnpikes, of canals and slack water navigation, of banks and insurance companies, figure through hundreds of pages; and except in these pages and the enrolled bills, are nowhere to be found. But, though their only existence is in the Secretary of State's office, and in the Statute book, they have been employed and used for their principal original purposes—Lands have been freed into market at imaginary prices—Townships have put money into the purses of their projectors—Stock Commissioners have turned a penny upon bank and insurance subscriptions, and the credulous and unwary have been filched of the earnings of their industry.

WHIG VERACITY again displayed in the Ohio Star.—The Editor of this paper has asserted that the government has applied to the president of the United States Bank for a loan of \$400,000, to enable it to carry on its affairs, and that the bank has complied with the request. This is one of the most blushing, bare-faced falsehoods which that whig Editor has yet promulgated, not excepting the story of the Seventeen families being sent to the work house in Lynn. What can be thought of a partisan who resorts to downright falsehood, knowing them to be such, to sustain his cause? The following from the Louisville Public Advertiser is a history of the affair from which this whig Editor fabricated the base falsehood:

The facts in relation to this matter are as follows: Congress passed an act during the late war, setting apart a portion of the proceeds of all prizes captured by the public and private armed vessels of the United States, for the benefit of seamen disabled by wounds or casualties during their term of service, and of the widows and orphans of such as were slain. The management of the fund thus set

asked. We sell the best bank notes—the notes of the Bank of the Metropolis—at a discount of from eight to ten per cent. for specie. By doing so, we stick to our text—practice what we preach—procure the best workmen in the country—give them good money—and they compensate us for the loss in exchange by doing good work.

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